

Community



(Mexican Government Tourist Bureau)
Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe
near Mexico City was destination
of first vacationer Loretta Butler.

Tale of Two Vacations

New Orleans, Louisiana
LAST SUMMER three of us decided to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico. Having a minimum of time and money, we also decided to travel by bus from New Orleans to Laredo, Texas; cross the border to Nuevo Laredo, and there take a plane to Mexico City.



Loretta Butler

Travel anywhere in America for Negroes, of course, has the element of risk. The recent, well-publicized incident of Ghana's minister of finance being refused service in Delaware is proof of that. But travelling by bus through the Deep South has no risk: you KNOW you will find only separate-and-unequal facilities throughout the trip.

Determined to make this pilgrimage however, we resolved not to let jim crow interfere. We being: Eve, a nurse who

works in New York; Jessie, a teacher in Thibodaux, Louisiana, 50 miles from New Orleans; and myself, a parochial school principal in New Orleans.

Must Wait for "Colored" Day

Even before we set out from New Orleans, I had a brush with segregation. In the rush of school closing activities I didn't get around to going to the Public Health Clinic for the required vaccination certificate until 12 days before.

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On Vacationers

FOR SOME AMERICANS vacations are simply a matter of piling up enough dough to take off for distant points.

For Americans of color, much more is involved. The account by a Negro vacationer in this issue (page 1) underscores that fact.

Father John LaFarge, the eminent Jesuit who has so long written and worked on racial problems, has commented with perception on this:

It is difficult to convey a sense of this waste to those who have not themselves experienced it. It may and frequently does mean tangible loss, such as exclusion from paying jobs for parents of families, from decent housing where it is available for others than those of the minority group; and so on.

Even more consuming of human patience, initiative and self-respect are the innumerable intangibles, those that confront a mother who must explain to her children why they cannot buy an ice cream cone or a bottle of pop in a drug store, why they cannot play or swim in a public park on a hot day, why they must be careful not to crowd up to the communion rail in church until the whites are duly retired from it. In numberless other places they will not meet all or any of these things, but any of them may be met, and most unexpectedly.

Meanwhile, such an experience is wasteful of human life, and is a standing encouragement to seek compensation in literal waste and irresponsibility.

"One's heart is sickened," says the forthright American Negro author J. Saunders Redding, "at the realization of the primal energy that goes undeflected and unreformed into the sheer business of living as a Negro in the United States."

There are also people who do not themselves have dark skins but who have friends that do. They find little pleasure in vacation spots that accept them and not their friends. The second vacationer's account (page 8) is an example of this.

We echo the writer's hope that the day will come soon when a vacation can be simply that—for all Americans. —M.D.

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COMMUNITY

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Views

Separation "Foolish"

PLEASANTON, Texas—It would have been "quite foolish," school superintendent Jack D. Klingeman said, to build a new separate school for the Negro children here—and nearly impossible financially.

"Very, very much below standard," is how Klingeman describes the old Negro school. School authorities had been warned by the state's education agency that accreditation, and possibly school aid, might be lost.

Pleasanton is a farming and ranching town of about 5,000 population, located 32 miles south of San Antonio. It has a school population of 1,476, including 36 Negroes.

Convict 6 of 133

CHICAGO, Illinois—Of an estimated 133 arrests made during July's Calumet Park disturbances here, six persons have thus far been convicted, the Commission on Human Relations stated in a preliminary report issued in mid-November.

OUR READERS WRITE:

NOT ALL SOUTHERNERS

Dear Editor: Your editorial "Sort the Laundry First" (November, 1957 **COMMUNITY**), it seems to me, lumps too many southerners together and accuses them of being "super-sensitive" of criticism by non-southerners. A few southerners have only been really outspoken in their resentment of outside criticism. Personally, I think much of this has been a kind of defense mechanism, it certainly hides a feeling of guilt, as perhaps some of the northern criticism does also.

I would really doubt that the scattered, provocative statements by southern politicians truly represent the attitude of all southerners.

REV. RAYMOND BERNARD, S.J.
St. Louis, Missouri

RANKING JOURNALIST

Dear Editor: Just received your November issue which carried Bill Hosokawa's review of *No-No Boy*. You should know that Bill is not a "reporter" but the "executive news editor" on the *Denver Post*. As far as Nisei are concerned, he is the ranking journalist of our day.

HARRY HONDA
Editor, Pacific Citizen
Los Angeles, California

LIKES 'LINES FROM SOUTH'

Dear Editor: Your past two issues have both been excellent. The story on the back page of the November issue (Harry Golden's "Public Right and Private Preference") was a fine one. And Mrs. Abernethy's columns have been a good addition. Although she gets wrapped up in her prose at times, she makes good copy . . . probably because of her "on the scene" angle.

TED SONDAG
East Lansing, Michigan

Editor's Note: Another of Mrs. Abernethy's *Lines from the South* will appear in the February issue.

A BITTER EXPERIENCE

Dear Editor: Recently I had a bitter experience which led me to realize how much social pressure is preventing some people of good will from living a full Christian life.

I have been a volunteer at Friendship House in Chicago for the past 11 years and have formed many friendships among the workers, Negro and white, who have come and gone during those years.

Several months ago I became engaged to—well, let's call him John. Though a devout Catholic, John had never met dynamic Catholics. Nor had he ever had occasion to associate with Negroes on a social level.

John enjoyed meeting my friends, and he declared himself to be of the same mind as me in regard to the attainment of interracial justice. Then his sister came back from a prolonged vacation, and he changed completely. She succeeded in poisoning his mind against me because she disapproved of my having Negro friends.

I was aghast at this sudden change in John as he had seemed so sincerely interested. But now he declared that I would have to give up my ideas if I were to marry him.

I simply could not have a segregated wedding reception, nor lead a life that would completely shut me off from people I love so well, so I broke our engagement.

Now some people say that my calling off

Three persons were fined \$200 and costs, one was fined \$50, and one \$10. The sixth person's sentence has been held up awaiting outcome of an application for probation.

At least 14 others have obtained continuances, and 31 were found not guilty. Disposition of 25 cases which were assigned to other courts is not known.

Keeping up with the cases, the report states, is difficult because of the number of complaints and police stations involved.

In a Rising Sea

HOUSTON, Texas—Walter Prescott Webb, University of Texas history professor, told the Southern Historical Society convention here the racial question might prove disastrous to the South.

The professor pictured the South as "an island in a rising sea." It faces "inevitable inundation," unless it accepts the United States Supreme Court's school segregation decision "however deliberate its speed."

Boycott Anniversary

MONTGOMERY, Alabama—Montgomery Improvement Association (MIA) last month observed the two-year anniversary of its famed bus boycott with its second annual Education Workshop, the November 18th MIA Newsletter reports.

"Integration on city buses," the Newsletter says, "is working smoothly with both races accepting the social change as law of the land."

"But the Association faces a dark future just now, with some conditions getting worse and no obvious efforts on the part of proper authorities to inaugurate the 'equalization plan' in their so-called separate-but-equal doctrine."

Paper Switches

DALLAS, Texas—An editorial in the *Dallas News*, "What Shall Texans Do Now?" declares that Texas' new state law requiring segregation should exempt schools which have been ordered to integrate by the court.

The *News* had actively resisted integration for years. Now it contends a gradual integration plan "can reasonably be made the basis of a consent decree to arrive at an intermingling of the races in the school system."

School officials should not have to face "going to jail nor the school system be fined" for an action they are compelled to take, the paper asserts.

More VIEWS on page 6

the wedding clearly shows I prefer Negroes to whites as friends. Others state that I really must not have wanted to get married. Still others tell me that I should have simply given up my volunteer work at Friendship House.

To all these people I have explained many times that my work at Friendship House is not just an exterior activity. It is an expression of my conviction that segrega-

tion is a sin and I must help work to end it. Evidently they do not believe me.

This experience made me realize how far we are from attaining the Christian atmosphere, where Catholics trying to live according to Christian social principles would not be considered such an oddity. Also it made me realize how necessary sacrifices are in order to attain that goal.

NAME WITHHELD

WE WRITE OUR READERS:

Dear **COMMUNITY** Reader,

Last night, after an exhausting day getting out a special mailing of hundreds of letters, I picked up the December **COMMUNITY**. I was about to go to bed and only meant to scan it for a few minutes . . . but it was the wee hours before I put it down.

Now, when the Circulation Manager of **COMMUNITY** tells you that this paper is great—and gets better every issue—I can't blame you if you think you should take that with the proverbial grain of salt (or a pound or two). But there is so much food for thought in each issue. Last month, for instance, where else could you have read . . .

* "Inside Little Rock"—the day-by-day events told by no less a person than the head of the Arkansas NAACP branches? Here was a story new to me and to others who have followed all the daily papers on Little Rock.

* Mrs. Abernethy's witty account of the painful paradox she met as a missionary school student? "Studying China, She Can't Meet Chinese" is so typical of the hypocrisy we all too often practice.

* "Not 'Lumping Together'?" This expression is the key to the whole business of treating each person with the dignity God has given him. How many times have we heard expressions like, "All Negroes can sing," "Jews got money," "The Irish are the fighters"? Generalizations—lumping together—are stupid.

But here I am rambling on. It just proves what I said earlier: **COMMUNITY** has so much food for thought.

While we are back where I started, can I confide in you that it pains me to know our circulation is confined to only 6,000 subscriptions.

"Now comes the pitch," you say. And you are right! Why don't YOU give someone else a break? Start him reading the one-and-only **COMMUNITY** by sending his name and address on the coupon below and \$1—right now.

DELORES PRICE
Circulation Manager

P.S. If you would rather not cut up your copy of **COMMUNITY** (I wouldn't myself!), just give the information asked for on the coupon on a blank sheet of paper. And, THANKS!

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Elizabeth Teevan - May Her Soul Rest In Peace



Teevy

"GOD WANTS ME, and I want Him."

These words were among the last spoken by Elizabeth Teevan, affectionately known as "Teevy" in the interracial apostolate all over the United States. She died of heart failure—prepared, as she had always wished to be, with the Sacraments of the Catholic faith—in the early hours of November 25, 1957, in St. Vincent Hospital, Portland, Oregon.

Although increasingly bothered by her troublesome heart for some years,

For unto
thy faithful,
O Lord,
life is changed,
not taken away;
and the abode of
this earthly sojourn
being dissolved,
an eternal dwelling
is prepared in heaven.

—From the Preface of
Masses for the Dead

One in Christ

CAPE GIRARDEAU, Missouri—“No matter how we may feel (about integration)—and we cannot help how we feel—let us realize the human race is one. We are one in Christ.”

So stated Bishop Charles H. Helmsing of Springfield-Cape Girardeau to over 150 Knights of Columbus at a breakfast meeting here.

“We humans are liable to ignorance. It is one of the things we inherited with original sin. Even the greatest of minds have made serious mistakes.”

Through ignorance, he explained, many people greatly fear that ending segregation will destroy their way of life.

“So let us endeavor to throw oil on these troubled waters. If you remember Christ's words, ‘Whatsoever you do to these the least of my brethren, you do unto Me,’ you will go a long way toward being Angels of Peace in our time,” he said.

Bishop Helmsing was given a standing ovation at the conclusion of his talk.

she had been active up to the last few days of her life.

Teevy was a Friendship House staff-worker for almost two decades, serving in New York for several years, in Chicago for 11 years, and in Portland, Oregon, for four years. In June, 1957, Madonna House was offered and accepted an invitation from Archbishop Edward D. Howard and the staff of Portland Friendship House to take over their work. Teevy applied for membership in Madonna House, a secular institute of canonical status awaiting papal approbation. (Madonna House was begun in the early 1950's by Catherine de Hueck Doherty, who also started Friendship House.)

Teevy was accepted as a Madonna House applicant, and in August—dispensed from the usual two-year novitiate—she became a full-fledged member of Madonna House, assigned to the Stella Maris branch in Portland.

Outwardly little changed. She continued her active memberships in the Third Order of St. Dominic, the Ladies' Altar Society, and the Legion of Mary. Faithfully every week she visited the sick in their homes or in the hospitals—and not once did she come with empty hands. She always brought something, some book, a holy picture, cookies—and invariably she brought her smile, her warmth.

Little known though she seemed to have been, her death brought out all the friends she had made in her few years in Portland. They thronged to Stella Maris House where she lay, clad in the white habit of Third Order of St. Dominic, in her simple coffin. There on the eve of her funeral the Office of the Dead was recited, with friends

filling the rooms to overflowing.

They came in unusual numbers, too, to Holy Rosary Church where Rev. Thomas A. Feucht, O.P., her parish priest, sang the solemn Requiem High Mass Wednesday morning.

The funeral sermon was preached by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. Tobin, vicar general of the archdiocese. He took the occasion to explain secular institutes, because, he said, he felt Teevy would have wanted it that way: to make known the vocation she had so loved. And he beautifully summed up her life:

"Extraordinary Qualifications"

“The grace of God gave her extraordinary qualifications of heart and soul. Many prominent citizens in their whole lifetime do not make that impression on the community which this little Scottish lady had made. She was ‘heaven in Christ.’”

Burial was in Mount Calvary Cemetery.

Teevy's joyful manner was so quiet that only in retrospect, by her absence, does it now become obvious how strong a personality she was. Many of her friends, seeing her in death, noticed for the first time the strong, determined chin, the face formed by a great will to love.

Looking back on her life, one suddenly understands that her last words were indeed the motto of her whole existence, though she may never before have phrased it that way: God wanted her, and she wanted Him.

—Otto M. Knab

Mr. Knab formerly edited a Catholic daily paper in Bavaria, Germany, until he was forced to flee by the Nazis.

PROFILE OF TEEVY

Two years ago Teevy suffered an accident, and Mabel C. Knight wrote the following article about her, which appeared in our December, 1955 issue.

We think there is nothing to add to the picture of Teevy it gives, so we reprint it now as a loving memorial.

—M.D.

“DON'T WORRY,” said Father Donnelly's concerned voice over the phone from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon. “But Teevy's had a fall and broke her wrist in two places and has a slight concussion. She is in God's hands, and she knows it. She's calm. But pray for her because she has to have her wrist set without an anesthetic because of her heart condition.”

Our Teevy hurt and a thousand miles away! We certainly did pray. As soon as she could travel we brought her back to Portland Friendship House.

Teevy has been a mother to us Friendship House staffworkers, nourishing both body and soul, bringing us joy and encouragement and consolation for over 12 years.

Age Unknown

Not quite five feet tall, with a real Scotch accent and a gray bob, Elizabeth Teevan is somewhere between 21 (she votes) and 71 (she once denied vigorously that she was 71, and she's a truthful woman). She says, “You can't trust a woman who tells her age. If she'll tell that, she'll tell anything.”

(Editor's Note: We think Teevy will laugh with us as we now reveal her age. She was born in Scotland on December 18, 1890. Her death came less than a month before her sixty-seventh birthday.)

In 1940 she was one of the first full-time workers to come to Harlem Friendship House. She helped Catherine de Hueck by two-finger typing, working with children after a full day's work,

cooking some when Catherine wasn't around.

In 1943 Ann Harrigan asked Teevy to come to Chicago Friendship House as house-mother. Teevy became a good neighbor to the mid-Southside. A personalist to the core, understanding and loving people, she supplied many needs.

To people who were upset she gave good Christian counsel concealed in an easy-to-take joke or story. She babysat for mothers of families and brought them what she could of food and clothing. To over-thirsty friends she fed black coffee until they were able to understand her good advice. They sensed her love for them and tried to help her.

Staffworkers make her their confidante, and she knows more than anyone else what is going on in the house. But she is discreet and charitable always. Her letters, written in the fine script learned in Scotch schools, keep her in touch with former staffworkers and friends of the house.

"Expansive" Cooking

Most obviously marvellous of Teevy's gifts is her ability to cook for five to 50 people on an almost non-existent budget—keeping cheerful and unflustered at the same time. Often she hasn't known whether five or 15 people would be sitting down to supper.

Maybe it is Blessed Martin de Porres who deserves the credit for Teevy's zeal for interracial justice, for she has great devotion to him. They are on very informal terms, and we often hear her admonishing him, “Now, Martin, get your skates on.” Or it may be the Holy Souls in Purgatory. She offers for them all the burns and scalds she receives during preparation of meals.

Between skillful shopping and begging, Teevy is like the valiant woman in the Scriptures who “provides victuals for her maidens” (and hearty ones for men, too). Teevy's helpers are always well entertained with songs or stories

"An Ally in Heaven"

A former Chicago FH volunteer now living in Seattle, Joan Kawaguchi went to Portland for Teevy's wake and funeral. She describes the atmosphere at the wake:

IN THE COMING in and out of people, there appeared little sorrow. All seemed to recollect the happy things about Teevy, and felt they had gained an ally in heaven.

Eddie Doherty was in Portland at the time. He told me that the thing that impressed him was the joy prevailing among Teevy's friends.

Diane (Zdunich—staffworker at Stella Maris) said that the visitors showed a cross-section of life: indigent men, children, people in the immediate neighborhood, influential people—they all seemed to have a particular fondness and affection for Teevy.

FRIENDSHIP HOUSES HAVE MASSES

FRIENDSHIP HOUSES around the country had Mass said for the repose of the soul of Elizabeth Teevan on three successive Saturdays. Staffworkers, volunteers, and friends joined in offering the Masses.

• New York City Friendship House on November 30 at Resurrection Church. Father Edward Dugan, chaplain, celebrant.

• Washington, D.C. Friendship House (known as St. Peter Claver Center) on December 7 at St. Augustine's Church.

• Chicago Friendship House on December 14 at St. Elizabeth's Church. Monsignor Daniel M. Cantwell, chaplain, celebrant.



“Do use this picture,” a friend urged. “Teevy at a stove is the Teevy we all knew best.” We agree, so here it is.

as she bustles around the kitchen.

All her life Teevy has helped others. In Scotland she sold handwork and ran errands for the Good Shepherd nuns. She also collected shillings here for Father Drumgoole's newsboys' home in New York.

She helped many friends come to the United States. They lived with her till they got work and could go it alone. She helped them adjust to the strange ways of Americans. She ran a candy store on Long Island where all the neighborhood boys hung out. Teevy says the attraction was a slot machine and unprotected cigarettes, but we think it was Teevy's personality and kindness.

May God spare Teevy to Friendship House for many more happy years!

—Mabel C. Knight

At the time this article was written, Mabel was director of Portland Friendship House. She is now teaching in Virginia.

Race Issue Underlies Ten World Problems Church

In the spirit of the Pope's Directives to the Second World Congress, **COMMUNITY** presents an analysis of the world apostolic challenge by John J. O'Connor, professor of history at Georgetown University

UNDERLYING ALL the problems of the world today, and inseparable from them, is the basic challenge of race relations. Little Rock is convincing proof that Christian leadership in local communities—where it should be most effective—is almost completely bankrupt.

If we do not rally the intellectual vigor and moral courage to overcome stupid racial antagonisms, then we will have failed to answer the gravest contemporary challenge that has confronted our civilization. The alternatives today, as in other major turning points of history during the past 2,000 years, are: Christ or chaos.

So the Christian who would respond with filial promptness to the call of Pius XII has an obligation, first of all, to meet the racial challenge in his own home town. Beyond that, he has an obligation to understand the world's problems and take steps, as he is able, to help solve these, too.

What are the specific world problems in which the racial issue is entwined? There are ten, as I see it.

1. The lack of vocations.

The shortage of priests is a global problem of primary importance. The whole of the African continent could be won for Christ in a few generations if an adequate number of missionaries could be quickly mobilized for the task. There are 10,812 foreign and 1,688 native priests in a population of 216 million. This means one priest for 16,000 people.

In Central America there is one priest for 7,000 people, as compared with one priest for 700 North American Catholics.

Unless the number of priests can be substantially increased, the conversion of this tremendously important continent will be long delayed, and either Mohammedanism or Communism may triumph.

The need is great in terms of today's population. But we are experiencing a population explosion. Latin America, for example, increased from 85 million in 1920 to 155 million in 1950. By 1980, experts estimate, the 1950 figure will have more than doubled; 316 million is predicted.

2. The heritage of colonialism.

During the period of discovery and exploration, Church and State were united and co-operated in the building

of churches, schools and hospitals. In the eighteenth century, however, the governments of Spain and Portugal, victims of the false philosophy of the French Revolution, began to harass and persecute the Church. In 1767, for example, Charles III ordered the expulsion of more than 2,000 Jesuits from Spanish colonies.

Subsequent colonizing powers, such as Calvinist Holland, were hostile to the Church and blocked the sending of Catholic missionaries to their overseas possessions. Other Protestant governments, such as Great Britain, favored Protestant missionary enterprises. Entry permits to French, Belgian and Portuguese colonies were granted only to French, Belgian and Portuguese priests. Christianity tended to become identified with the dominant political authority.

Now that colonialism is on the way out, Communists are trying to convince native leaders that the Church is merely the last surviving remnant of European imperialism and should be expelled.

The Church, of course, is not identified with any continent or political system. It has always labored, so far as it was permitted to do so, for the economic and moral welfare of native peoples. Although the charge is ridiculous, Communist agitators are employing every possible weapon to discredit the Church and its divinely ordained mission. Native and foreign priests in some areas must combat a rising tide of suspicion and hostility.

In many missionary countries the Church no longer suffers from the interference and domination of European powers. At the same time, it no longer enjoys the protection of European governments and constitutes in most instances only a small percentage of the total population. The Church must carry into the new era the burden of past relationships with European colonial officials which, though unavoidable, frequently worked against the acceptance of Christianity by the native inhabitants.

3. The establishments of friendly relations with the new post-war governments.

Those countries that quite recently achieved independence include India, Pakistan, the Philippines, Middle East countries, Viet Nam, Burma, Ceylon, Laos, Cambodia, South Korea, Malaya,

Indonesia, Tunisia, Morocco, and Ghana. Most of these countries are fanatically nationalistic. In some of them, there is a strong non-Christian religious revival.

A Buddhist commission report recently complained bitterly about the way in which Ceylon's educational system has been "captured" by Christian missions. In 1884 the British government handed over all secondary schools to the missions. Today the great majority of Buddhist children are educated in Christian schools.

The commission pointed out that while there is one Christian school for every 1,240 Christian children, there is only one Buddhist school for every 36,000 Buddhist children. It demanded that all education be vested in the state, that all institutions be given equal treatment before the law, that children be admitted to a private school only if their parents belong to the denomination conducting it, that the head of a government school be of the same religion as the majority of his pupils, and that converting a minor from the religion of his parents be made a penal offense.

With the decline of European colonialism, the Church is acquiring greater freedom of speech and action. But the intense political nationalism of our day, accompanied by far-reaching revivals of native religions, poses a number of delicate situations that will require the utmost tact and patience.

4. The wide diversity of languages.

Linguistic differences are one of the major political problems in India because a considerable number of people are demanding that all Indians speaking the same language be drawn together in the same state. Each of the dozen or more Indian language groups has its own culture, historic traditions, and time-honored script.

The Church must wrestle with this ardent interest in regional languages. Only a short while ago, colonial peoples were taught European languages. Today a missionary working in Bengali-speaking East Pakistan must learn another language if he should be transferred to Urdu-speaking West Pakistan.

A further complicating factor today is the mobility of population. An African tribesman, having been taught out of one language catechism, cannot easily transfer to another language cate-

chism if he should happen to migrate to a different part of the continent in search of new economic opportunities.

5. The adaptation of Catholicism to native cultures.

It would be silly to build a Gothic cathedral in Africa, Japan, or the Fiji Islands. But the foreign missionary rarely adopts the native dress. He has difficulty in speaking and writing the native languages. He lives in a house and wears shoes. His tastes, his mental processes, and his whole manner of life are Western. This tends to set him apart from the people around him, and the Church is frequently regarded as a "foreign" Church. Native governments are complaining that conversion to Christianity frequently means denationalization.

All over the world today the Church is adapting itself with greater energy to native cultures. The principal means is the all-out encouragement given to native religious vocations. But this is not enough. Native candidates must be given a genuine appreciation, not only of Western culture, but principally of their own language, history, and traditions.

It is only a question of time when native priests and bishops will outnumber foreign missionaries. Until that happy day arrives, however, the foreign missionary will probably be regarded as an outsider, as one who has no permanent roots in a particular country. Thus the Church is involved in a desperate race against time, a race to train a sufficient number of native priests and bishops before foreign missionaries are denied entry or, perhaps, totally excluded from the country.

6. The centuries-old strength and resistance of non-Christian religions.

In some Middle East countries it is still unlawful to attempt the conversion of a Mohammedan. Even in those countries where there is no prohibitory legislation against conversions, it is almost impossible to win over a Mohammedan. In Africa there are twice as many Moslems as Christians—and Islam is on the march again. Where Islam is successful, Christianity makes very little progress. In the whole of Mohammedan North Africa there is not a single native priest.

According to tradition, Christianity was first brought to India by St. Thomas the Apostle. The conversion of central and northern India really began with St. Francis Xavier. Yet the Church is making very few converts among upper-class Hindus. The strength of the Church rests almost entirely with

PROBLEM 1. LACK OF VOCATIONS.

"The need is great in terms of today's population. But we are experiencing a population explosion."



JAPAN—called by one writer "land of children."

PROBLEM 2. HERITAGE OF COLONIALISM.

"Native and foreign priests in some areas must combat a rising tide of suspicion and hostility."



UGANDA—Bishop Joseph Kiwanuka of Uganda (center) ordains four White Fathers from Canada to serve as missionaries in Africa.

PROBLEM 5. ADAPTATIONS TO NATIVE CULTURES.

"... to train sufficient native priests and bishops before foreign missionaries are denied entry or perhaps excluded."



ETHIOPIA — Bishop Jacob Ghebreyesus of Ethiopia (left) welcomed back from his mission in Rome by the vicar apostolic of Ethiopia.

Challenging Christians *Parochial Life*

those people who are on the fringes of Indian society — foreigners, Assam tribesmen, untouchables.

We have scarcely begun to penetrate Moslem and Hindu cultures. We are only beginning to transform them, so to speak, from the outside. Some of our best scholars will have to be employed on this long-range project, so that it will be possible to present Christianity as the ultimate culmination and climax of both Mohammedanism and Hinduism.

7. Materialism.

The battle of our time, as outlined by Douglas Hyde, is whether the industrialization of Asia and Africa will result in a complete loss of faith and create a spiritual vacuum which Communism is eager to fill. This is what happened, to some extent, in the West. Will the mistakes made in the period of the Industrial Revolution in the West be duplicated today in the East?

Industrialization means acquiring a Western outlook, Western ways of thought, Western forms and existence. New wealth and new machines give rise to new values. The old way of life is either forgotten or rejected. A creeping materialism slowly gains domination over the life of the masses who have lost their original faith. The spiritual consequences of Western industrialization, thus far, have been the growth of materialism and, out of that, Communism, which is materialism in its most highly organized form.

If the development of the world's hitherto undeveloped areas leads only to the spread of materialism, the possibilities of a Communist world will enormously increase in the years just ahead. The virus of materialism threatens to undermine everything we are doing for the defense of the free world. The billions we are spending for military and economic aid will go down the drain unless we stop the process whereby the development of modern society leads almost inevitably to the creation of restless, uprooted, dissatisfied, faithless millions.

One Christian approach to this problem is to try to speed up, so far as possible, the conversion of native peoples before the blight of industrialization strikes. A Christian people will be in a much better position to deal with industrialization than a primitive people just emerging from Stone-Age paganism.

But the ultimate solution rests with us here at home. American industrial and technological influence in mission countries should not be permitted to

sabotage what our missionaries are trying to build.

8. Communism.

The Communist drive for world domination has succeeded in Europe and Asia only by military conquest. It now menaces the regions to the south and east, inhabited by the more vulnerable masses of hungry and underprivileged peoples of the Middle East, Southeast Asia and Africa. If the Soviet drive succeeds in absorbing the Middle East and the rest of Asia, Africa will likewise fall, the Christian apostolate will be smashed, and both Europe and the Americas will be placed in direct and dire peril.

Russia has already penetrated the explosive Middle East. Communist influence in Syria poses a highly complex problem. Egypt has mortgaged her future cotton crop to pay for Soviet tanks and aircraft. Trade between Middle East countries and Communist-dominated countries is on the increase.

In Southeast Asia, Chinese Communists have occupied North Burma, they maintain and direct small guerilla bands in Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, Viet Nam, Malaya, and Indonesia. In Malaya alone, these hardcore military forces kept 250,000 British and Malayan troops busy for eight years. Chinese Communists are also busily engaged in indoctrinating ten million "overseas" Chinese now living in Southeast Asian countries.

In these critical areas of the Middle East and Southeast Asia, the Christian missionary and the Communist confront each other. They are wrestling for the minds and hearts of millions of people. Although Communist propaganda is very effective in former colonial countries, the Church has unique opportunities in South Korea, Formosa, and Viet Nam to achieve a signal triumph. Those who have had first-hand experience with the Communist evil are well disposed towards the Faith. It would be a major tragedy if today's chance is missed because of Christian hesitation or indifference.

9. The need for lay missionaries.

A partial answer to the related problems of materialism and Communism, plus the chronic shortage of priests, Brothers, and Sisters, is the gradual awakening of the laity to their responsibilities to extend Christ's Kingdom on earth. A few laymen and women have volunteered for service in mission territories. But some of them were not qualified for this arduous work, were not properly trained, or could not adjust to primitive conditions.

Yet a small number of lay people



POPE PIUS XII in his address to the Second World Congress of the Lay Apostolate, held in Rome last October, concluded with two directives:

"First," he told the delegates, "collaborate with the neutral and non-Catholic organizations and movements to the extent and on condition that you serve the common good and the cause of God."

"Secondly, take a greater part in international organizations."

The Pope opened his speech by repeating these words from his address to the First World Congress six years ago:

"If there is a power in the world capable of disposing souls to a sincere reconciliation and to a fraternal union among people, it is indeed the Catholic Church. You can rejoice in it with pride. It is up to you to contribute to it with all your strength."

(The complete address by the Holy Father is available from "Catholic Action Reprints," University of Dayton, Dayton 9, Ohio. Ask for Reprint No. 145. The 13-page report costs one cent per page plus postage.)

have made good on the missions. For the most part they have been doctors, nurses, teachers, journalists, and social workers. Such people are needed and are rendering an immense service. But missionary bishops also need workmen to help build the ever-increasing number of churches, schools, and hospitals. In many cases, priests have been forced to leave their ministry to take up the trowel.

A few years ago the 400,000 Young Christian Workers of Holland asked how they could help the missions. One missionary bishop asked for six workers—three masons, two carpenters, and a mechanic-electrician. He offered a two-year contract. The fare to Africa and back would be paid by the YCW. The workers would receive no salary, but the bishop promised to maintain them and to give them a small sum every month as pocket money.

Six competent workers were instructed in Holland by a veteran African missionary on the conditions they would encounter in Tanganyika. They are now busily at work building a seminary at Kaengesa.

The advent of any considerable number of lay people in mission territories will revolutionize today's missionary practices. The layman adds a new dimension to the missionary apostolate.

10. The development of a vigorous intellectual apostolate.

If all the intellectual movements that originated in the West since the beginning of the twentieth century had been Christian, according to Father Jean Danielou, there would scarcely be any need of missionaries to bring Christ to the peoples of Asia and Africa. They would go toward Christianity of their

own accord. If today they are being won over by Marxism and atheistic humanism, it is because the movements of ideas that dominate the world today sweep them along in this direction.

If the world is to be brought to Christ, it will be necessary to create intellectual currents which will be stronger than the currents of Marxism and atheistic humanism—currents which will spread Christianity and carry it along to triumph.

Father Danielou believes that our Catholic colleges and universities must create such a powerful current of Christian ideas. This is the missionary role incumbent upon them and upon Catholic intellectuals generally. It is a vital role for the propagation of the Faith in the modern world, and it cannot be undertaken by anybody else.

Overseas missionaries alone cannot save native peoples from the atheistic doctrines that are presented to them under the seductive guises of technical and social progress. Their salvation can only come from the Christian West.

"It is only the Christian West," Father Danielou says, "that can save the East from the materialistic West."

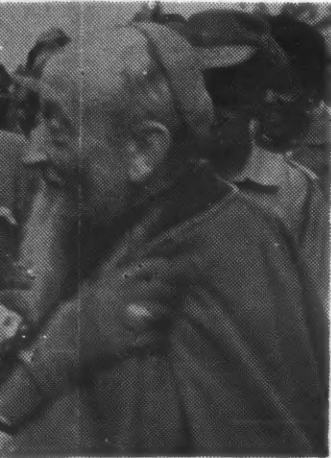
Will the world of tomorrow be Communist or Christian? The ultimate answer depends on the response of the laity to the urgent appeals of Pius XI and Pius XII that they be witnesses of the Faith in all departments of life.

—John J. O'Connor

A native Washingtonian, Dr. O'Connor was one of the founders of the capital's Catholic Evidence Guild and Catholic Interracial Council. He was one-time Managing Editor of *COMMONWEAL*, and now writes for numerous Catholic publications.

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PROBLEM 9. NEED FOR LAY MISSIONARIES.

"The advent of lay missionaries will revolutionize today's missionary practices. The layman adds a new dimension."



FRANCE—Foreign students gather at Paris Center run by lay International Catholic Auxiliaries.

Catholic Faith and an International Marriage

Social Life

"That I would ever marry an American was completely beyond my comprehension. That I would marry an American who had been married before and thus become overnight the mother of twins was simply impossible. Yet it happened."



**Mrs. Fairchild
with Marie and David**

MY NAME IS Tomiko Kawashima Fairchild. I am Japanese, 31 years of age, wife of an American Air Force Captain and mother of German adopted twins, David and Marie, now age 7. Just as the United Nations was built out of the tragedy of World War II, so my family resulted from disaster. We were brought together by the Berlin Airlift and the Korean Police Action.

That I would ever marry an American was completely beyond my comprehension, but that I would marry an American who had been married before and thus become, overnight, the mother of twins was simply impossible. Yet it happened.

After World War II, my father, mother, and I were kept so busy day and night trying to rebuild our lives that we didn't have any time to think about my marriage. Then too, I was only 19, which in Japan is rather young to be thinking about marriage.

Our family never was rich, but we did own a home before the war. The home and most of our belongings, however, were lost in a B-29 raid just a few days before the war ended. My

father, who is a skilled machinist, continued to work in the factory as my mother and I labored in the garden to raise food. We rented a small two-room apartment in the rear of a dilapidated house and began to reconstruct our lives.

Worked in Hotel

I had finished high school one year before the war ended and had gone to work for the railroad as a bookkeeper. In 1949, however, I obtained a position as a receptionist at the Chiyoda Hotel in Nagoya, which was the billets for the American women officers and women civil service workers. In the basement of the hotel there was a dining room which was used by the male officers who were billeted a short distance away in the Dai Ichi Hotel.

As a receptionist I had the opportunity to observe and converse with thousands of American officers of all ranks. Many of them asked me for dates, but I decided when I took the position that I would not date the Americans. It wasn't that most of them weren't cheerful, courteous, and kind. It was just that I had seen so many Japanese girls fall in love, marry, and then after a few years return to Japan divorced.

Then on the fifth of July 1951, an American Air Force captain entered the hotel. Little did I realize as he asked me in Japanese where the dining room was that this man was to completely change my life. After I had told him that the dining room was in the basement, instead of leaving, he began talking. I recognized immediately that he was somewhat different than most of the other officers who talked to me because he talked in Japanese. Of course, many Americans spoke some Japanese, but this captain's Japanese

was not confined to a few conversational phrases. He was able to converse on almost any subject. His Japanese was bookish but was grammatically correct.

He began to tell me all about himself. His name was Bill Fairchild. He was a career military man with 16 years service. He had been married before, in 1942. During the war he had been in Europe and then after the war he had gone back to Germany during the Berlin Air lift. Because his wife could not have children, they decided to adopt a German child.

When they went to look at the many children who were up for adoption, they saw David and Marie, who were just six months old. They decided to adopt the twins. Two months after the adoption, his wife entered the hospital with incurable cancer. She never came out of the hospital except for the trip back to the States. She died one year later, leaving Bill with two twins who were just two years old.

Wants Children with Him

After about a year, he received orders to go to Japan. He left the children with his relatives and went to Japan. He wanted the children with him, he said, and therefore was looking for a wife.

As he talked, I sat behind the desk looking up at his earnest face, cocking my head to one side in order not to miss a word of his rapid, correct, but strange, a little hard to understand accent. When he finally left, I gave a sigh of relief because my neck was stiff and sore from looking up at him.

To Live in Japan

Every day after that, he stopped and talked to me for about an hour. I gradually learned that he had studied Chinese at the Army Language School at Monterey, California, and that he had a great deal of interest in oriental culture. He attended the Kabuki plays (Japanese high opera), the Noh plays, modern stage plays, and the Japanese movies.

He told me he intended to live in Japan after he retired from the Air Force and do research work. He even told me he thought he would marry a Japanese girl, because he thought it would be rather difficult, if not unfair, to marry an American girl and then drag her all around Japan for the rest of her life.

After about three months, he asked me for a date. This didn't surprise me because I had been expecting it sooner or later. I consented because I had talked over the situation with my parents and with the other Japanese workers in the hotel, who all agreed that Bill seemed like a good man. I also had already found out from my Japanese friends that he was respected by the workers in the Dai Ichi Hotel where he lived; that he was not dating other girls; that he was teaching English in several Japanese schools in the city; and that he was a conservative drinker.

Ashamed of Being Seen

I was very proud of Bill on that first date. He took me to the Kanko Hotel, the Commissioned Officers' Club, for dinner.

I knew that this was not the way most Americans treated their Japanese girl friends. Most of the Americans took the girls to out of the way places as though they were ashamed of being seen with a Japanese girl by their American friends.

As we ate dinner, Bill began to tell me about his religion. He was a Catholic. As such, he could never marry anyone who was not a Catholic. Not that this was a church law, but he just didn't think it was wise. He told me that night that he loved me and would like to marry me. He then asked me if I would mind going with him to see Father Herada, pastor of the Holy Mary Catholic Church, the oldest Catholic church in Nagoya.

"Tomiko," he explained, "I only want to make you happy. I would like you to take instructions in the Catholic faith. Even if you don't believe in it after you have finished the instruction, I know you will have discovered many things which you never dreamed existed. If you do believe and do become a Catholic, even if you never marry me, I will be very happy."

Father Herada was about 42 years of age, full of fun and energy. After Bill introduced me, he asked, "Well, when do you want to get married?"

I was rather surprised at the question and just smiled. I had the feeling Bill and Father Herada had set a trap for me. We had a friendly visit for about an hour. Father Herada gave me several books on the Catholic faith and set up a schedule of instructions. During the cold winter months that fol-

(Continued on next page)

Bomb Whites

GAFFNEY, South Carolina—An explosion which recently rocked the home of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Sanders here is linked to racial tension. Mrs. Sanders, a white woman, contributed material to a book emphasizing a moderate approach to race relations, called "South Carolinians Speak." Rev. J. B. Morris, one of the publishers of the book, said 11,400 copies are now in circulation.

No one was injured in the bombing. Another bomb with a time clock that failed to go off was found by police.

Gang Victim

PHILADELPHIA, Pennsylvania—Mrs. Clara Baldwin, a Negro mother, is leading a drive for funds to pay hospital bills of a white boy stabbed during an interracial gang fight here. Contributions are coming from white and Negro people over a wide area, she reported.

The boy, William Fluck, 15, is in critical condition. His spine was severed, and he may be permanently paralyzed.

Six Negro boys were arrested for attacking him, and face a hearing in Juvenile Court.

Students Shock

RALEIGH, North Carolina—Departing from his prepared speech, Representative Cooley told student representatives from 21 white and Negro colleges in North Carolina that they had "shocked the sensibilities of our people."

The shock? The group, meeting in a student assembly here, passed a resolution to repeal a state law against interracial marriage.

They also considered "censuring" Arkansas' governor for his use of National guardsmen to enforce segregation in Little Rock, but no action was taken. Three-fourths of the students attending were white.

"A more constructive agenda," Cooley said, "could have been prepared."

A regular contributor to *COMMUNITY*, Cliff works for the Chicago Housing Authority. He is a former FH staffworker.

The Fairchilds pose in front of their Christmas tree. Both wear heavy kimonos which are common garb in the unheated Japanese homes.



Madonna Wall Panel

Ade Bethune's Russian Madonna mounted on maple with Pyraglass finish. \$2.00.

Size 3 1/2 x 6 inches

Specify color choice: blue, red, green.

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for the liturgical apostolate

(Continued from page 6)

lowed, Bill and I sat across from Father Herada, bundled up in our overcoats and warming our hands over the hibashi (charcoal brazier), our bodies shivering but our hearts glowing with spiritual warmth.

As the truths of the faith unraveled before me, I began to understand myself better than I had ever imagined possible. The pattern of life began to take shape. I began to pray very hard that I would be given the gift of faith.

By the end of February, 1952, without ever being proposed to Father Herada, Bill, and I began planning the wedding. Father Herada visited my parents several times to insure them that the marriage was on firm ground. Then a series of conferences were held between my parents and their brothers and sisters. The one point that convinced all of my relatives that the marriage to a Catholic was permissible was the fact that the Catholic faith did not allow divorce.

On May 1st I was baptized and May 2nd I received my first Holy Communion during our Nuptial Mass. It was a solemn day and truly the happiest day of my life.

After a five day honeymoon at Lake Biyako, near Kyoto, Bill and I returned to a small, dingy, three-room apartment to begin housekeeping. In the meantime we contracted to have a five-room house built. Day after day we sat and watched the carpenters and masons work as the house took shape.

Reaction to New Mother

About six weeks after we were married, Bill flew back to the United States to get David and Marie. The whole time he was gone, I worried about how the children would react to a Japanese mother. I need not have worried because from the moment they came down the gangplank at Yokohama and ran to me calling, "Mama, Mama," and threw their arms around my neck, I knew there would be no problem.

Back in Nagoya we moved into our new house and began living as a family. It was exciting to watch David and Marie go in and out of the house all day long, practicing taking off their wooden getas before entering the house.

Within a few months they learned how to speak Japanese and made friends with all of the children in the neighborhood. They learned how to eat with chop sticks, and they got a big kick out of sleeping on the floor on the thick futon (mattress). It wasn't long before they actually began to think that they were Japanese.

A Regular Marriage Clinic

Shortly after the children arrived in Japan, the Nagoya AF Base Newspaper and the Japanese press ran an article on our family, calling us the International Family. This plus the fact that Bill took me to all of the American social functions created a wide circle of friends for us. Many young airmen and Japanese girls who were about to get married began to come to us for advice. Even some of the married couples who were having difficulties came to us with their troubles. Our home became a regular marriage clinic.

As the problems and difficulties of these young couples were poured out, I began to realize just how fortunate I was.

Basically, the problems of these couples could be traced to the lack of spiritual values. First of all several of the marriages could only be entered into after the American servicemen had divorced their wives in the United States. Others had been married without bothering to divorce their first wives. Still other were based on nothing more than physical attraction. The

an invitation to a *miss*

WORKSHOP

in

BUILDING

FRIENDSHIPS

It's a simple fact—

we misunderstand and fear what we don't know. Prejudice is based on the unknown.

Friendship House arranges workshops for those wanting to do something about the evil of prejudice.

Workshops consist—

of opportunities to know members of other races as friends

of learning what others are doing for interracial justice

of realizing the effects of discrimination first hand.

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Social contacts—the beginning of friendship.



Sharing experiences.



American was far from home, lonely and in some cases fearful of never returning from the war in Korea. Many of the Japanese girls saw an opportunity to obtain more money, better clothes and go to America. They were in good measure marriages of convenience.

Move to United States

In January 1956, I came to the United States. Frankly I was quite worried and at the same time very excited. After we were settled in our home in Denver, I was surprised and delighted that several of my neighbors were Americans whom I had met in Japan attending Mass at the Air Force Base chapel, going to the PTA meetings and other social functions. I was accepted by the military personnel wives as one of them. I saw little difference in my way of life.

The children attended St. James Catholic School and we went to Mass there. Life was pleasant. I completely forgot the many difficulties of my Japanese friends who were married to Americans.

But then it started all over again. I began to get telephone calls and visits from Japanese wives and couples who were having marital difficulties. Most of the Japanese girls who came to me were homesick and very lonely. They had no Japanese friends to talk to and their husbands couldn't understand enough Japanese to understand their wives. Most of the girls could not speak enough English to converse with their husbands on other than simple questions. The husbands were becoming infected by the depressing moods of their wives. Soon petty arguments over bills, automobiles, recreation, etc., were beginning to develop into complicated and serious problems of unfaithfulness,

heavy drinking and gambling.

While these unfortunate couples seemed to recognize that there was something different about my marriage, they were unwilling to believe that religion was the basis of our happiness. They clung to the idea that our marriage was successful because my husband was able to read, write and understand Japanese and had an interest in Japanese culture. Many of them are convinced that the lines, "East is east and west is west and never the twain shall meet," are true. If only I could convince them that religion and especially the Catholic faith has the power to change these lines to, "East is east and west is west and forever the twain shall meet."

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TALE OF TWO VACATIONS

Pilgrimage to Guadalupe Shrine

(Continued from page 1)

fore our departure date. Then I found I would have to wait five days—for the “colored” day at the Clinic. Fortunately I didn’t have to stay in New Orleans for the two weeks usually necessary to see whether the vaccination “takes.” So I swallowed my irritation and concentrated on thinking about the trip ahead.

Eva arrived in New Orleans from New York early Sunday morning; Jessie came in from Thibodaux late Monday afternoon. Tuesday morning at six was take-off time.

To Avoid Segregated Restaurants

“Since we know jim crow will be our companion till we reach the border,” we decided, “we will take along a big lunch so we can avoid the segregated restaurants at the bus stops. And we will really try this trip to keep from getting upset about it.” And so we set off.

All of us were exhausted so we slept most of the first half of the 22-hour bus journey. Since we had brought the lunch, we didn’t have to use the squalid lunch counters “for colored” along the way. And, true to our resolution, we didn’t let the segregated restrooms disturb us too much.

At Houston, Texas, the mid-way stop, we felt the need of a hot meal. And so our first impression of this prosperous city was the “colored” restaurant in the bus terminal: a little cubicle hardly large enough for ten people, with much of that space taken up by a large juke box.

See Houston from Bus Window

Later, from the window of the bus we saw Houston’s many impressive-looking buildings, which seemed appropriate to a city in such an expansive state.

Finally we reached Laredo, Texas, the end of our bus trip. How surprised and relieved we were to discover that there was only one rest room and restaurant. This discovery was our undoing—our guard went down—“way, way down. For we thought that we were free at last—free from having to be color-conscious. Try to imagine, if you are white, how that must feel.

We enjoyed a leisurely breakfast in the terminal restaurant, and then went to the airlines office in a hotel to check our plane reservations.

“Since the taxi to take you across the border will be coming here at 12:30, why not have your lunch in the coffee shop right here in the hotel?” suggested the clerk in the airlines office. So we went to the coffee shop.

The Waitress Approaches

In a few minutes, one of the waitresses approached us and said that we would be served in another room.

I said our guard was down. It didn’t even cross our minds that this request had anything to do with the color of

our skin. And if it had, I suppose we would have dismissed the thought because of the fact that the waitress had a much darker complexion than Eva.

So without hesitation, thinking this portion of the dining room was closed at this hour, we followed her. She led us to a large bare room, where we saw a bell-hop pulling chairs off a table near the kitchen, and begin to set it. At that moment it dawned on us—we were not free of segregation after all. Shaken to the core, we asked for an explanation. The waitress was visibly embarrassed as she stammered out those too familiar words, “I’m sorry, but that is the policy.”

We turned on our heels and stalked out, scarcely able to hold back the tears.

“To the bitter end” was Eva’s succinct comment.

A Dismal Meal

We did muster up enough courage to try a chain drug store, but again were refused. So back we went to the terminal restaurant. That lunch was a dismal meal; no one felt like saying anything. Need I tell you how difficult it was to swallow that food?

After lunch we went to the hotel, took the taxi across the border, and boarded our plane.

We were very quiet—too hurt, deflated, and discouraged to talk about the incident or even our coming visit to the Shrine. I know I was just a little afraid that Mexico might greet us in a similar fashion. The plane ride did little to dispel the weary, depressed feeling. We took out our rosaries and tried to recover our lost balance.

But nothing of the sort did we find in Mexico. The welcome we received from the people “south of the border” impressed us all the more deeply because it was such a marked contrast to the treatment received in our own beloved country.

Color Is Forgotten

We were able to forget color in Mexico. And the visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe moved us deeply. We watched pilgrims crawling on their knees the length of the church up to the miraculous picture. We could hear their sobs, prayers, whispers—yet none of it struck me as false. The men, women, and children crowding about Our Lady’s feet were a striking picture of the “poor, banished children of Eve, weeping in this valley of tears.”

We spent many days in Guadalupe, visiting the various churches and chapels, the basilica and its grounds.

After so glorious a time in Mexico, we felt unable to face a return journey that duplicated our trip down. So even though it meant leaving Mexico a day earlier in order to get plane reservations, we returned to New Orleans by air.

Travel First Class

It is amazing how jim crow disappears in America when one travels first class!

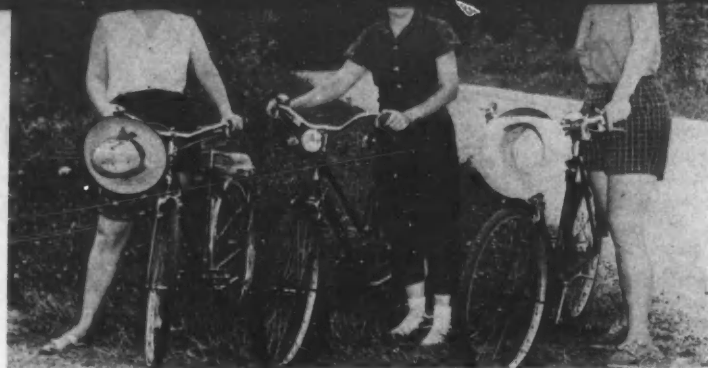
This time we saw Houston, Texas, over our coffee cups in the beautiful airport restaurant. There was no segregation.

Home to America. It was good to be back, but we were all conscious of the big battle ahead.

Jessie returned home to help prepare for the two hundredth anniversary of her parish church, where white and colored Catholics still sit on opposite sides of the Church.

Eva wrote from a stopover at her family’s home in southern Maryland. There, too, the church had its white and colored side—and she left before Mass was over, thinking, “To pray here is just impossible!”

And I—well, I returned to New Orleans to find that on buses white people rise and move when I sit beside them, and colored mothers with babies



VACATIONERS Ann, Margaret, and Delores enjoy the scenery but not the racial attitudes found in their Wisconsin travels.

We Head for the Great Outdoors

Vacationer seeks complete change but finds constant reminders of racial prejudice

THERE’S NOTHING LIKE a vacation in the great outdoors for a city dweller. So Ann Stull and I decided last summer, and we headed for Door County, Wisconsin, to drink in the wonders of nature, the stars, sunsets, trees, the birds and the bays. It sounded like the perfect change from the cement, dirt and skyscrapers of Chicago.

I wanted especially to get away from the concentration on race relations demanded of a Friendship House worker. Door County sounded like the change of pace we needed.

But alas and alack, never let it be said one can escape (even for a day) the problem of racial injustice. Everywhere we went discrimination reared its ugly head.

Has Cherry Growing Industry

In addition to its vacationland fame, Door County has a large cherry-growing industry. We were there during harvest time and found this was done chiefly by migrant workers, mostly Mexican, Jamaican, and Negro, who were welcomed as workers and money spenders, but who were (we were destined to find out) decidedly unwelcome in the so-called “nice places.”

Two days out of “the most segregated city in the north,” as Chicago is often described, we met Margaret M., a teacher from Texas, who joined our party. Margaret was delightfully eager to experience new things. And it was a new thing for her to meet people with our convictions about race.

One afternoon she joined me on one of my favorite pastimes, walking in the woods, but this was not to be one of the tranquillizing walks I enjoy. Margaret opened the conversation with, “Would you marry one of them?” I was ready to turn around and go home, but Margaret, full of thoughts about to burst into words, continued, “I really have nothing against ‘them,’ but the ‘black ones’ look so much like apes. Ugh!”

These were just her opening remarks, and we spent a week traveling with Margaret. To show her good will and chalk up another experience, Margaret made a point of speaking to every Negro we ran into, and only by using restraints could we keep her from driving to the nearest orchard which hired Jamaican pickers and asking them to sing for us.

Interested in Mexican Film

Door County is beautiful, and after a day of bicycling in the state park and lapping up the sun on the beach, Ann and Margaret and I decided to spend the evening at the movies.

I was interested in a Mexican film and stopped at the theater to look over the marquee, when a “do-gooder” came

and bundles stare at empty seats in the “white” section.

But the battle is bearable as I reflect on the Dark Virgin of Guadalupe.

—Loretta Butler

Loretta is principal of St. Philip’s Catholic Grade School, New Orleans. She was formerly on the staff of Friendship House of Washington, D.C.

by and laughingly said, “You can’t go in here.” I asked “Why not?” (I shouldn’t have bothered.) His reply sent my blood pressure soaring, “No whites go, it’s for Mexicans!”

So what! By now I was ready to explode. Ann and Margaret, fully aware of the mounting tension, led me away while he ranted something about its being all in Spanish and whites just didn’t go.

The lady in charge of the Door County Museum (a public museum, mind you) was telling me how popular the little museum was with visitors from all over “but I don’t let the dark ones in. They don’t know how to behave, the children come in with sticky hands and ice-cream cones.”

Time didn’t allow for me to protest this injustice then and there, but I’ve written to the Wisconsin Human Relations Commission asking their co-operation in making the museum “public.”

Renting a Cottage

When we got to the town of Sister Bay, we shopped around for a cottage to rent.

Mrs. N., the manager, showed us her clean and pleasant cottages, and as a selling point added, “You’ll like it here, we let only nice people come, no Jews or Negroes.” Ann and I told the lady we had many “nice Negro and Jewish” friends and would not want to rent where our friends were not welcome. This response kind of shook up poor Mrs. N.

She hastened to tell us she had nothing personal against Negroes and Jews, but her business would greatly suffer, since her Chicago tenants came to Sister Bay to escape “them.” She went on to say how all the business people in “these towns had to be careful and only rent to people they knew or were referred by previous customers, so only white gentiles would have reservations.”

Hostels Welcome All

One of the saving graces of our “racy” vacation was our shelter provided through the American Youth Hostels, which are open to people of all races and creeds. The hostel “parents” were not afraid of losing their reputation, business, or friends when a person of color landed on their doorstep.

Mr. C., a yarn-spinner and the “house parent” at Ephraim, had to tell us about his most recent experience. One of his white cottage renters asked if he rented his horses to a Negro family who had wanted to ride. Mr. C.’s forthright answer was: “Their money is as good as anybody’s.”

This is just a smattering of the racial rumbles we got without asking. It put a damper on everything we did.

Maybe this is inevitable in our segregated day and age, but I for one am looking forward to the day when I can take a vacation and really “get away from it all.”

—Delores Price

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STORY OF GUADALUPE

Our Lady appeared in 1531 to Juan Diego, a poor Indian, on a hill outside Mexico City. She filled his tilma with out-of-season roses, as a sign, and sent him to the bishop. When Juan opened it, the roses fell out, and glowing on his tilma was a picture of Our Lady as she had appeared to Juan. Juan’s tilma with the miraculous picture is enshrined in the Basilica of Guadalupe. No one has ever dared pillage this shrine in its 400-year history.



STATUE in Basilica of Guadalupe: Juan Diego unfolding his “tilma” (cloak) before Francis- can Bishop Zumarraga.